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My Trip to Europe.

ANNA M. VOEGELIN.

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MY TRIP TO EUROPE.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

It was my good fortune in the summer of 1903 to be in position to take a trip to Europe. On my return some of my friends asked me to draw up an account of my travels, which I tried doing in the form of the following little sketch. I have not even tried going into details over every stopping place and have avoided as much as possible stating dry facts, but have rather sifted my notes and taken out what I thought would interest you most.

I am not fit to make this an educational study, but have only made a somewhat clumsy attempt to give back my own personal impressions, sometimes weaving in very unimportant occurrences, which to me however, seemed amusing, and I sincerely hope will appeal to you in the same sense.

Let me just add that I travelled with a touring party (Cook's) having a conductor whose duty it was to escort us from place to place, attend to our baggage, pay all our bills, even the tips given to waiters etc., and attend to our general comfort. It was a decidedly convenient way to travel and saved us much annoyance. At each city we were also given a local guide who showed us the principal

points of interest connected with the place and gave us such information as we desired concerning it.

I need not assure you that I had a most interesting as well as instructive trip, and desired, if even for myself, to condense it into some form for future reference. I had not the remotest idea, when I began my account to put it into print, but was gradually encouraged to do so by my friends and if I succeed, even in a small way to arouse your interest I shall feel amply repaid. Perhaps the fact, that this is not an imaginary happening, but an actual occurrence, will add to its interest. As far as my own personal experience goes every word is true, and the remaining facts I give back as I received them.

ANNA M. VOEGELIN.

Germantown, Philadelphia, March, 1905.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL. ENGLAND.

On a beautiful evening in the early part of June our trip to Europe began. Sitting in one of the luxurious parlor cars of a New York express, we at last enjoyed a few quiet moments after the preceding days of bustle and excitement. When the porter, after busying around, even placed a velvet cushion under my feet I was wishing that travel on the other side was as convenient, but I knew it was not. No place like America for travelling. The sun took a last peek-a-boo look at us from the distant hill tops when we neared New York. Philadelphia is considered slow in comparison with New York but one of the first things we saw on arriving, was a horse-car ploughing along the street.

We at last reached the steamer which we were allowed to board the night before and spend a farewell hour on its deck, feeling the seriousness of parting. Next morning early everyone was astir. We had not been on deck very long, before we saw the familiar form of the remaining member of our

family on shore, who waved to us. It seemed as if there would be no end of people boarding the ship. At last the gangways were put up and slowly the gigantic ship began to move while hundreds of people on shore shouted farewells and about as many American flags were waved. Two schooners accompanied us for some distance with the people cheering and waving and now and then, boom! went a cannon. On shore a man who had climbed above the crowd was still waving his hat and throwing kisses to two passengers at the railing who were trying hard to control their feelings.

The first day on the Ocean was lovely, in fact the sea was calm and smooth throughout the week, sometimes without even a ripple. It was nearly noon when we had breakfast, but strange to say not everyone was hungry. Quite a number were up on the deck looking into the waves with a very melancholy expression on their faces and sometimes they would lean over the railing a little further and — well, can you guess the rest? Others ate lemons or drank something stronger than ice water to keep their stomachs down. Walking must have been considered good by some who hurried along at a frantic pace, when suddenly they would swerve around and quickly disappear in the door-way, ashamed to let others know they were getting sick. I did not feel a bit queer myself, but by evening all

three ladies in my state-room were sick, and I had my hands full ringing the bell and summoning aid.

The next day was Sunday. There was a service in the morning, which consisted of the speaker reading from some form of worship while the audience responded, but it did not seem a bit like Sunday until the evening, when some of us started to sing hymns out on the deck. A steamer passed in the early part of the evening and both ships lowered their flags in greeting.

The third day on the water began with a drizzling rain but this did not continue all day. It was rather cold and we needed our steamer rugs and furs for the first time on the voyage. We tried walking to keep warm, but this is not so easily accomplished as on land. One minute you seem to be laboring up a hill, and the next you find yourself suddenly running down one, and this with a smooth sea. The only place it foamed was in the back of the ship by the screw which lashed the water into a beautiful pale blue spray. There were still many sick, some to the end of the voyage. One evening when I went in to supper I found myself the only female representative at the table, while out of eighteen only three gentlemen were present, and the waiter smilingly remarked that I "still looked as fine as silk". I continued to report pres-

ent for the remainder of the trip, which came to an end the following Saturday.

We sighted land on Friday and passed the Kinsale Light-house. The sea-gulls began to make their appearance and soon hundreds of them were flying after our ship and looked very pretty against the sky. After being between heaven and the water for a number of days it is with a thrill of pleasure that one watches the first signs of land appearing.

As we neared the Emerald Isle we could distinguish beautiful green fields on the slope. These gave color to the water and formed a pretty contrast to the purplish hills beyond. In the afternoon the passengers for Queenstown left in a tug, after which the machinery again went at full speed.

Saturday morning all was bustle and excitement. Everyone was anxious to get on land, especially the sea-sick passengers, who appeared in full force and looking very happy.

At Liverpool the first thing to do was to make for our baggage, which had to be examined. After this was done I started out to look for the party I was to join. At last I found a Cook's man who piloted me around to where "Tour 26" was forming. I was shown to the conductor, a tall broad shouldered fellow, who looked as if he could take care of a few more beside himself.

After he had "clucked" us all together he started off and we followed in his footsteps. Our baggage was being collected and here it was found that my trunk and Aunt's by some mistake had already been put on the first train and were steaming off to the wrong station. This was annoying, but we were told they would easily be found. We still had time before our train left, so we started to see a little of Liverpool, walking around in this, for us a new world with strange people and strange customs.

We left for London by special train. It was a lovely ride past green hills and valleys where cows, and many sheep were grazing. Once we passed a most picturesque church on the side of a slope and when I looked to the opposite side a little later, I saw, guess what — a sign in the fields which read "Heintz's Baked Beans With Tomato Sauce" and further on "Heintz's 57 Varieties", "Quaker Oats" and several other American looking signs.

On arriving at London the guide immediately hailed a "cabby", gave him instructions, put me in the hansom and sent me afloat in the great city of London on a hunt for my trunk, which I found without any difficulty at the Euston Station. He in the mean time was taking his flock to the hotel, where I arrived somewhat later, and rather tired. I was directly shown to my room, with which I

was indeed pleased, it having the cosiest looking fireplace, and every imaginable convenience.

After supper my Aunt and I again stepped into a hansom for Liverpool St. Station, from which place she was to start on her journey for Schaffhausen, Switzerland. It was a little hard to part, she travelling alone, and I left back with strangers, but we tried to brave it as best we could.

At last the train pulled out and with a heavy heart I turned to go back. I summoned a hansom and after telling the driver "St. Ermines", drove along the Thames through London now brilliant with lights. I could not help enjoying my ride despite my misgivings. These London hansoms are a pleasant means of conveyance, rubber tired, seats ever so comfortable, and with nothing to obstruct the view, the driver being in back of the vehicle.

After arriving at the hotel I went straight to rest notwithstanding the fact that the orchestra downstairs was rendering some delightful music.

The bells were pealing for church next morning when I awoke, but I must confess I did not get to any service. When I walked out on the piazza after breakfast the guide met me, and said, that although there was no programme for the day and he was free, he had just suggested taking a few of

the party for a walk to Hyde Park and if I cared to go along to get ready.

I had really wanted to go to church and when I mentioned it, one of the gentlemen said "I am afraid we have left church in the United States, for although I am a church member and go regularly when at home, my chief aim now is to see all I can of the place I am in, especially as the time in each stay is so short". And so it was, although I went through numerous churches and cathedrals, I attended few services.

We started for the Park passing the Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington's House, and crossed the famous Piccadilly Street on our way.

Hyde Park was beautiful with flowers, and alive with people, some were of London's most fashionable set. We were shown the Rotten Row which begins at Hyde Park Corner and where the Royalty go horse-back riding. After an enjoyable walk we strolled homeward, keeping a watchful eye on the guide ahead. If he swerved to the right, or left, we immediately did the same, and if he preferred walking in the street, we unconsciously followed suit. After we left London we saw much of this walking in the street, but it was not surprising, for in some places the pavements were so narrow that a person with unusually broad feet

could not very comfortably place one beside the other.

On the evening of this day I attempted a little walk by myself taking good care to note the corners I turned, and passed in full view of Westminster Abbey, arriving at the hotel unmolested. I had already lost some of the fear I had of this great place, for every one seemed very courteous and the policemen gave information cheertully on all points. I was amused at the hats these guards of the peace wore, which had a strap coming under their mouth and made me wonder how they could yawn without displacing their head gear.

We were told to be ready next morning at nine o'clock for the day's programme. At the appointed hour we drove off with an English guide who knew London as his pocket, but he was a very decided old gentleman, and if any were talking while he explained he would stop short and only continue when all were listening.

Some of the places we saw that day were Newgate Prison where William Penn and others were confined, the historical Bow Church, St. Paul's Cathedral which has a whispering gallery. If one whispers in that gallery a loud voice is heard opposite.

Some of the streets have odd names, such as

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

Threadneedle St., Bird Cage Walk, Cheapside which is a very busy street, and from which runs Bread St., where Milton was born, and Milk St., where Sir Thomas Moore was born. Pall Mall is a splendid street, which our guide as an Englishman called something like "Pell Mell".

We passed along the Victoria Embankment, and over London Bridge which by the way, is not "falling down," although the traffic is so heavy that they are building a new bridge to relieve this one. We also passed over the beautiful Tower Bridge to the Tower, which is historically the most interesting spot in England. It is really a series of towers, weird looking structures and was the scene of many a gruesome incident.

Before entering we had to check all parcels, umbrellas, even to the purse bags we carried in our hands, which the man declared were safest with him. I do not know whether they were afraid of Anarchists, or whether this was done to prevent people from robbing each other, for we passed up more than one dark, dismal stairway where we could not see who was before or after us and had to grope along with a rope in our hands to guide us.

In the recess of a dark stone steps was shown to us the very spot where the children of Edward

VI. were found dead. They had been strangled by their own uncle, and their lifeless bodies thrown down from the top of the stairs. This was called the Bloody Tower. Near the Brick Tower is a stone which marks the place where Lady Jane Grey was executed. The White Tower has turreted walls twelve feet thick. I remember standing in one of the cells near a little window with the daylight twelve feet away from me and only dimly lighting the compartment.

In the Queen Elizabeth Armory the walls and ceiling are decorated with the weapons of that age, and arranged beautifully in figures and flowers. One that especially impressed me was an exquisitely shaped sun flower made from swords, the blades forming the petals.

In the Jewel House were the jewels valued at 15,000,000. Among these were the crowns, and a wonderful saphire and ruby, the royal sceptre, etc.

We also visited the National gallery where some of the most famous pictures in the world are exhibited. Among countless other things, we viewed the famous Portland Vase, which was taken from Rome. One day a madman came in and shattered this vase to pieces, but it has been put together again so skilfully that no one would think

it had ever been broken. The English are proud of this and would not part with the vase.

The Parliament buildings are beautiful and so is the Abbey, despite the fact that everything has a sooty appearance, but which only seems to add to its dignity. The frequent heavy fogs, which are the cause of this are something we entirely missed. We had been in London almost a week and never witnessed a fog, for although cool at first, we had fine clear weather every day.

The Abbey, world renowned as England's Temple of Fame, is crowded with monuments of kings, heroes and scholars. The Poets' corner contains many inscriptions. Longfellow seems to be a favorite, as his bust was always decorated with flowers.

Lady Nightingale's monument is really to her husband, and is the last work of a noted sculptor. It consists of the skeleton figure of death, who has burst open the door of the sepulcher and is aiming his dart at Lady Nightingale, while she shrinks back into the arms of her horror-stricken husband, who is vainly trying to defend her. It looks strangely real, and it is said that a robber coming into the Abbey by moonlight was so startled by the figure of death as to have fled in dismay, leaving his crowbar on the pavement.

We also viewed the Coronation Chair which is

quite old looking, but is covered with a cloth of gold at coronations. In it is enclosed the famous Prophetic Stone. The legend of the stone relates that it was the pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement. One visit to the Abbey is not satisfactory. I went several times, also attending a service. The choir consisted of young boys gowned in white robes, and when their wonderfully sweet voices re-echoed through the Abbey and blended with the magnificent organ above, even the marble statues around would seem to watch and listen.

We had been provided on two days with a local guide, and on the second afternoon wound up our sight-seeing with a visit to Lincoln's Inn and the Old Curiosity Shop immortalized by Dickens. We all alighted and crowded into the little place which was hardly large enough to hold the twenty, of which our party consisted, and the gentlemen kept stepping on the ladies' trains and we walked over each others toes in our endeavors to look at the display of little trinkets and souvenirs of all kinds. At last our guide beckoned and the tangled snarl of Cook's party began to unwind and thread its way out of the door.

This ended our regular programme and we were left to use the rest of our time as we pleased,

but by this time we had been given a fair insight and began to look about for ourselves.

We took regretful leave of the nice old man who had been our guide around London and whom I met unexpectedly almost three months later at the end of my journey.

On the evening of this day some half dozen of us went to Whitechapel, which is the slum district of London, and reputed to be a favorite haunt for thieves and murderers, but we did not find it as bad as we expected.

One of the ladies of our party was interested in Charity work, and asked me to go along, and we were not afraid, as the rest of our number consisted of gentlemen protectors. It may be that we did not probe deep enough, or that Whitechapel is living on past reputation. At any rate we encountered nothing unusual and in the dark street into which we did go, we saw peaceful looking houses, some of them cheerfully lighted. I was quite satisfied not to have seen the worst of this place, and we soon wended our steps toward the main street.

I had enjoyed the ride out very much on the top of the bus. These busses are the main transport of London besides railway, elevated and underground. They are two-story affairs, the roof is preferable, for you can view London from a high

standpoint and out of all the bustling crowd. They are just crammed with advertisements inside and out, and when you try to look for the sign-board you find yourself reading "Sapolio", "Nestles Food", "Pears Soap", etc., until at last way down almost out of sight you find what you are looking for in small letters.

They have very short stops and the girls think nothing of jumping on while the bus is going. I learned to do it myself, and to climb the narrow winding steps to the top of the swaying vehicle without much trouble.

That night when we went home we were obliged to take the inside of the bus as the top was full. A rather wicked looking man stepped in with us and I could not help watching him, as he seemed to have something in his hand which he kept out of sight. I had visions of revolvers and stiletoes in my mind and when he alighted — I saw him put a cigar to his lips.

Next morning almost everybody went out shopping. In the afternoon five of our party went to the South Kensington Museum. We went by underground railway and were laughing and talking when it dawned on us where to get off, after the train had already halted some time. A stranger overhearing us said "This is the Station". All

sprang up and one of the gentlemen rushed for the door, but it would not give way and we pushed after. He then frantically waved his unbrella at a conductor out side and when the door opened five flew out almost at once, the first man with a leap that sent his coat-tails flying, and scarcely had my heels left the stepping board when the train moved on. The whole affair had been so ludicrous, that we all sat down on a bench and gave vent to our mirth.

We found the Museum without further difficulties and saw more beautiful paintings, statues, wood-carving, fine laces, china, etc. We went home by bus and stopped off for a stroll in Hyde Park, which was crowded with people in carriages and on foot.

We inquired for the cause of such great crowds and were told that the people were watching for the Queen, who was probably out driving. We concluded to wait also, and after some time the guard told us where to stand, when the carriage was already sighted in the distance.

We were agreeably surprised to see the King as well as the Queen, and the Duchess of Teck. We had a near and good view of them and went home feeling rather proud of our afternoon's experience.

At the table we excited the envy of the rest by the news, and the following day they went there also, but with unsatisfactory results.

On the evening of this day we went to see Madam Tussand's wax figures, which were very interesting and stood around in life-like attitudes. We saw representations of McKinley, Roosevelt, Queen Victoria, King Edward, and many others.

There were two young women in white aprons and caps sitting at tables selling catalogues; one was alive, the other a wax figure. A gentleman from our party walked up to the wax figure and demanded a catalogue. She did not stir, and looking around we saw our conductor who had come with us laughing and soon we all knew the joke.

A little later one of the wax figures in uniform attracted my attention. I placed myself in front of it exclaiming "This fellow is especially good and lifelike." The others stepped nearer and all gave their opinion, one man saying jokingly to the figure, "How would you like to speak to us." When we turned to go I could not help glancing back—but what was my surprise to see the figure move, and smile a very satisfied smile at me. I called in surprise, which immediately brought back the others, and we could not but congratulate the man on his good acting. He proved to be very accommodating and went along with us explaining all the figures.

Going home we took the underground railway, and were not going to be as slow as in the afternoon, almost tumbling into the train in our hurry, when the conductor came along and said "wrong train, must get out". At last we were seated in the right one, but only went a short distance when some thought it time to alight. We of the afternoon party had become cautious, or perhaps nervous from our experience, and when we were preparing to get out, our guide rushed at us from another compartment, saying, "Back in, four stations more", at which we dropped back laughing.

The next day was an ideal one. We were to leave London for Antwerp, but not until night, and we spent the day in various ways. We left about half past eight P. M., arriving at Harwich at ten o'clock, from whence we were to cross the English Channel.

As there are sometimes great crowds we were a little uneasy as to our accommodations, but fortunately there was no rush that day, and instead of sharing a stateroom with several others as I had anticipated, I had one room-mate of my own choice.

The night was lovely and my companion persuaded me to accompany her on deck for a while. There was a rumor that our trunks had not arrived in time to go on board, so we immediately went to

the guide, who was already surrounded, and being plied with questions, "Mr. F. is my trunk here" was being asked for about the twentieth time. At last he raised his arm and pointed toward the fore-part of the boat, saying, "You will find all your trunks over there."

We immediately formed in line and all went over, leaving him behind laughing. No wonder, for when we reached the place everything was covered with heavy canvas, and nothing remained but to hope that our trunks were under its covering. It was getting late, however, and we went down to rest.

CHAPTER II.

BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AND GERMANY.

THE next morning most of us were on deck early. The sun had arisen and was shining over a sheet of water almost without a ripple. The air was fresh and exhilarating and we thoroughly enjoyed strolling around the ship. Gradually the land on either side became more and more distinct, looking very green and pretty, and when we arrived at the mouth of the Scheldt River there were numberless ships ahead of us.

After our baggage was examined we landed and proceeded to the hotel. On our way we passed the flower market, which was in a square opposite the Cathedral. It just happened to be flower-day and the market was crowded with blossoms of every color and description and the bells of the Cathedral were ringing in honor of the celebration.

We visited the Museum which is the best in Belgium; and also the cathedral previously mentioned, which is very large and has some rare windows. The organ is the fifth largest in the world.

We left by the three o'clock train for Brussels, which is one hour distant, and again saw celebrated masterpieces in the Cathedral there.

Brussels is an interesting place, clean and full of life. Until late at night bands and parades would pass the hotel playing military airs, and it seemed as if the people never went to sleep.

While there, we visited the Town Hall and the Palace of Justice. The lawyers walked around in long gowns, with white tipped scarfs. In this building were also beautiful tapestries, and from one of the balconies which commanded a view of Brussels and the surrounding country, we feasted our eyes on the pretty scene.

After stopping at the cathedral we went on to Wiertz's Museum, in which we saw many noted paintings. When we alighted from our carriages a delicious odor of pine trees greeted us from the pretty garden on one side of the building.

From here we drove to the factory where Brussels lace is made. We saw the girls at work and the meshes of exquisite net forming under their skillful fingers.

The rest of the afternoon was spent driving in the most beautiful park of that delightful city, and to me this was the finest treat so far.

The weather was perfect, and there was such

a variety of beautiful trees, with the silvery sheen of a lake glistening between them, and visions of boats with their rowers now and then appearing. When we came to an open place of green another pretty sight met our eyes. About a hundred white sheep were grazing, the shepherd to one side leaning on his staff, while the shepherd's dog made his rounds about the group in a business like manner, which formed a strikingly pretty picture.

At a romantic place in the park was shown to us the spot where Princess Chimay met her Gypsy lover. There is a restaurant near and we sat down among the trees to have some refreshments and to listen to the band which played on the same pavilion from which a dark eyed gypsy charmed a princess with the strains of his violin. From this place we had a delightful drive home.

The stores or shops as they say here, are open Sunday mornings, and I am afraid if the matter of shopping on Sunday were investigated, many Americans would be found guilty.

In America dogs are kept as pets, here they are seen harnessed to small milk carts, the women peddling the milk.

Women also carry the "News"; (they are fond of this it is said), and can frequently be heard at the street corners, calling in a loud voice the names of their various papers.

Monday morning we started for the Hague, passing through lowlands picturesquely dotted with cattle and wind-mills, and after crossing the Zuyder Zee we began to look for our stopping place. This is a quaint but charming city. Some of the women wear an odd head dress, which must be anything but comfortable. It consists generally of metal plates, sometimes gold, worn over the back of the head and covered with lace caps, and an ornament in front of the ears which projects forward. We could not help but watch these wooden shoed inhabitants, and they in turn stared at us in wonder.

We arrived at the Hotel a half hour before dinner and were shown to our rooms. I was delighted with mine, which was a typical Dutch room, red prevailing, and its windows faced the Park or Woods opposite, where deer were grazing on the green, and streams trailed among the lovely trees.

We visited the Museum here, and among other paintings saw Paul Potter's famous Bull, and Rembrandt's School of Anatomy, which gave us the shivers, for it keeps one in constant mind of the operating table.

Queen Wilhelmina's palace was also visited, and was well worth it, although when we first stepped into the hall downstairs we thought it rather bleak looking, but soon changed our minds when we stepped into her apartments. We were told that

it had not been built for a palace, but had originally been used as a state house, and then we understood why the hall did not look palatial.

We lived in extremes on this day, for, from the palace we went to what had once been a Spanish prison, where in dark weird cells terrible instruments of torture had been used in days gone by. In one of the cells, called "John the Beggar's", who was a priest, we viewd by a faint flickering light, figures he had traced on the walls with his own life's blood. In another cell was shown to us a rack, on which a woman had been tortured, and here we again shuddering viewed the opposite wall, where her tormentors had marked the event with bloody ink. In the starving chamber, the prisoners could see from their window, the kitchen opposite, where savory things were cooked, the odors of which came up to them, dying of hunger.

When we emerged from those dungeons into the cheerful daylight once more, we felt thankful that we were living in a more civilized age, which has discarded such terrors.

From here we took a trip to Scheveningen — Yes — I know it is a "jaw breaker". This is a fashionable Dutch sea-shore resort, where the Queen herself stays at times.

Down on the beach the sand was thickly covered with chairs, which looked like so many huge

sunbonnets. It is a pretty place and full of life. We met some women with wooden yokes upon their shoulders, from which dangled baskets of delicious fruit, for which they charged enormous prices to us "Americanas".

After listening to the music we strolled toward the meeting place, and two of us sat on some chairs along the board-walk. Presently a shabby old fellow came up and demanded money which we refused to give, thinking him a beggar, but we soon understood we were to pay for the seats which had been used about a minute. We again refused, upon which he became very ugly so that some of our party standing near were attracted by his excited manner and came toward us. One young man was about to punish the fellow with a heavy cane which he carried, when the others interfered. I told the man I would see our guide about it before paying but when his tall form appeared in the distance, our would-be collector suddenly disappeared and troubled us no more, and we returned to the Hague without further trouble.

Next morning we started for Amsterdam, which is called the Venice of the North, as it is intersected by numerous canals. Most every street is a water-way, although there is room for horses and people on the side.

Again we went through a museum, and an-

other of the Queen's palaces, which was very pretty and in which we saw her throne.

The Zoo was also visited and I remember best the Avenue where many poll-parrots were caged on either side under the trees, and which made ear-splitting noises.

We also saw how diamonds are cut and were shown through the different phases of this work, which is very tedious.

We left Amsterdam in the morning, arriving at Cologne at three. We only stayed at the hotel long enough to see our rooms and our baggage, and away we all started for the Cathedral, which is a grand Gothic building with interesting interior, but I am afraid I did not hear all the details of our interpreter's explanation, for my thoughts had wandered and I was dreaming of that pretty little romance, "The First Violin", by Jesse Fothergill, and which began, so to speak, in this wonderful "Dom" under the strains of the Messiah.

This church was begun in the twelfth century, but it took many years to complete it, as the work was not continuous, and at one time the French troops used it for a hay magazine. There are some ancient stained windows here, as well as modern frescoes, and seven wonderful chapels. I was told it took twelve men with clasped hands to span one of the vast columns inside this Cathedral.

The Church of St. Ursula was next visited in which is the tomb of that unhappy princess, who with her 11,000 virgin companions was massacred at Cologne, on her return from Rome, and whose bones can be seen encased in the walls of the church. Everywhere we looked skulls grinned at us, and it seemed as though the inner walls of the church consisted of human remains.

The evening of this day was spent in the usual way when there was no special arrangement, namely, in trying to see as much of the town and shops as we could, and if our footsteps could have been traced they would have formed a series of festoons, for, when leaving the hotel, we would begin with the first shop window, viewing its contents and exchanging our opinions, then in a little semi-circle proceed to the next, and so on, conscientiously careful not to miss a shop, stopping occasionally to treat the inner side of a store likewise. If the proprietor spoke our language we usually secured what we wanted, but if not, we resorted to gesticulations, which habit we soon learned from the natives, especially in Italy, and after going through a series of gymnastics we sometimes managed to throw light on the subject, often to the amusement of all parties concerned.

Next morning we left Cologne but not until

most of us had secured at least one sample of the celebrated Farina Eau de Cologne.

We left by steamer to go up the Rhine as far as Biebrich. The day was perfect. Indeed we could not have wished for lovlier weather. The Rhine abounds in legends, and to one who is acquainted with them all, it adds to the romance of the place, but the scenery alone is never to be forgotten.

In some places the banks were high and rocky, in others they formed in vine clad slopes, but everywhere could be seen picturesque castles, both modern and in ruins, celebrated in history, legend and song.

A few of the places we passed were the Drachenfels, which is very high; the ruined castle of Rolandseck; the Island of Nonnenwerth, where stands an old convent in which the beautiful Hildegard is said to have taken the veil when she heard that Roland had perished.

Ehrenbreitstein is a vast fortress which at one time was supplied with food, clothing, etc. for 10,000 men for a space of five years, which was a great undertaking considering the height of the rock.

Stolzenfels Castle belongs to the Emperor of Germany, and commands a magnificent view. Marxburg is another imposing castle and dates back to 1400, but is still uninjured and inhabited.

We also passed the Blucher Statue, which marks the place where he crossed the Rhine.

What interested me most, however, and what I had been watching for with great pleasure was the Lorely Rock, the legend of which I had learned in my early childhood. It is a very high precipice rising over whirlpools in the deepest and narrowest part of the Rhine, and the fabled seat of the beautiful Lorely, who with her enchanting songs, lures sailors on to death. It is a beautiful but dangerous part of the Rhine and our ship was obliged to have two pilots and slow her pace to pass through this place with double caution. This seemed to make the legend of the Lorely quite real and we almost imagined we could hear her singing.

Farther up we passed the Mouse Tower, where, according to legend, a cruel Bishop was devoured alive by mice after he had caused a number of famine stricken peasants to be burned to death.

Not very far from here is Bingen nestling amid charming scenery and makes one think of that little song "Bingen on the Rhine".

We saw all these places in their fullest beauty, because of the perfect weather and everyone seemed to feel in good spirits, (perhaps some of the celebrated Rhine wine which flowed at the table helped to induce this,) at anyrate the bluest of blues took wings in this day.

We landed at Biebrich at nine in the evening and proceeded by railway to Wiesbaden where we stopped for the night, but not before we had taken a walk around the town, knowing we would leave early in the morning.

We started for Berlin next day travelling most of the time past beautiful scenery and arrived in the evening at five o'clock. The day had been warm and the soot and dust came in through the open windows that by night we all looked like a band of miners, especially the men who had been in the smoker all day, and whom we greeted with shouts of laughter.

Berlin is often called the city of palaces and indeed it is rightly named. Not only are the palaces beautiful which line the magnificent avenue "Unter den Linden", but the buildings in general abound in artistic work and statuary. Almost everywhere beautiful groups, monuments and columns greet the eye, indeed in my opinion Berlin is far more attractive than Paris.

Our hotel was not far from the "Brandenburger Thor", which is beautiful, crowned by a fine statue of Victory with horses.

The Emperor's Palace was first visited, which is an enormous structure, containing six hundred rooms, but we were only shown a few of them. What we saw, however, was magnificent. We

went through the Ballroom, the chandeliers of which attracted my attention, and in one room was a sort of dome in the ceiling and our guide called for attention as he stationed himself in a certain place under the dome, telling us to listen. He called, "Ho" and immediately an echo above responded and repeated itself thirty-three times, until we unconsciously all raised our heads in wonder. Several times he awakened that wonderful echo, and we tried doing the same, but failed until he led us to the spot where he was standing. Naturally everyone would like to have tried it, but time forbid, and we regretfully left this interesting spot.

The Picture Gallery contained some rare paintings and the Royal Chapel was splendidly frescoed.

We next entered the White Saloon, which is an apartment entirely furnished in marble, at an enormous cost. At the doorway was a box filled to the top with large felt slippers, the German kind, with just the sole and forepart minus the heel. Into these we were asked to step and slide along to prevent our shoes from injuring the costly floor. I went to the man and asked for a small size and he handed me a pair which looked about a foot and a half long. At first we tried to walk in them but stepped right out and found that by sliding we could keep them under our feet. What fun we had in this room. I stepped in back of them all to get

the full benefit of the scene. To see our whole party silently sliding along, each with a pair of canal boats for a foundation, and trying to see all there was, and to keep their feet properly shod, was indeed an amusing sight. One of the gentlemen became absorbed looking at an object and in thought stepped out of his slippers, when a few called out, and with a frantic jump he returned to them. This happened to several and one other, a very studious man, lost one and went sliding along on the one foot and walking with the other, until we awoke his attention to the fact, when he quickly secured the other. This was on the memorial Fourth-of-July, which we celebrated as best we could, of course not with fireworks. Our carriages were adorned with a German flag on one side and an American on the other, and as we rode through Berlin quite a number of people, who must have been Americans, catching sight of the Stars and Stripes, stopped and waved to us, or raised their hats and hailed us upon which we responded in due form.

In the evening the hotel people had prepared a pretty surprise for us. Our table was decorated with American flags and red, white and blue flowers and every lady was presented with a beautiful bunch of roses and maiden hair fern. When, at the end of the meal some one went to the piano and played Yankee Doodle, every one sprang up, handkerchiefs

were waved amid cheers and hurrahs, and we all standing joined in singing My Country, Tis of Thee. The others looked on in amusement, and the American guests came and greeted us like old friends.

There was no official programme for the next day, but a few of us had arranged to go out to Potsdam to see the Palace and Gardens of Sanssouci and at the appointed hour our Berlin guide called for us at the hotel. He was an original, with a face on which good nature and cunning kept playing hide-and-seek, large round blue eyes and red cheeks, His short figure was adorned with a long swallow-tail coat and the band around his hat was a very bright red, while a tie of the same color encircled his neck. This, together with some of his English which to call funny would be putting it mild, helped us to enjoy his jokes all the more. Hardly had we been seated in a coupe of the train when a conductor came and in a gruff voice told the men to depart, as the place was exclusively for ladies. We told the conductor that we did not at all object to the gentlemen, and they in turn declared to stay by us, but our guide whispered "shust vait a leedle", and going out we all followed. The next ladies' coupe was also empty and after waiting some time our guide suddenly beckoned to us, telling us to hurry into coupe and just as he followed after and slammed the door the train set in motion. He said he knew

the conductor would not be around until Potsdam, where we were to get out and so all was right, and we had the coupe to ourselves. We enjoyed his little trick and the men threw up their hats and we all gave three cheers for Charlie, as he called himself, and so it was all day, everywhere we had our way, or rather Charlie, who seemed to be an all around favorite and could work wonders with his hand shake and a few whispered words.

We were told there would be crowds out there but he was able to get us in ahead of them all through the keeper, who was his friend, and it was so arranged that when we were going through a room the party outside had to wait until we had gone to the next. We thoroughly enjoyed sightseeing on that day.

First we went through the Town Palace, which contains many relics of Frederick the Great. One of the many was his working desk, which showed signs of using, as well as the sofa in back, from which he could, by glancing into a large mirror at the side, see what was going on in the street. The celebrated Petition Elm is opposite this room and when any felt themselves wronged and could not obtain the desired redress, a last resort was, to take the petition to the tree, holding it high in the air and Frederick seeing it, would look to the case himself. If the request was just he received satisfaction, but

if on the other hand a flaw was discovered,—woe to the complainant.

In a room in this palace we saw the bed where Napoleon slept, and also the room where Queen Wilhelmina slumbered when on a visit.

Queen Louise's rooms were very interesting and contained work done by her, which was exquisite. The bed was also shown to us where this noble woman breathed her last. It is impossible to explain the details of Sanssouci, and I am only noting a few things.

The Crown Prince's Palace is also out there and as we passed we saw the flag waving from the top announcing his presence in the Palace.

Our next visit was to the Garrison Church and although it was late we stole in and sat on the last bench hearing a little of the service. After church we stationed ourselves at the side-door, from which the soldiers made their exit, and formed into regiments before leaving the place. This was interesting to witness and many a fine specimen of manhood was among them.

At the Mausoleum we saw the tomb of Frederick and his father, but its interior is not as impressive as at Charlottenburg which is much larger, and where a soft purplish light falls down on the marble figures beneath, making them look strangely real. One is only allowed to speak in a whisper

in this place, which, I forgot to mention, we had visited the day before.

At lunch, which we took in a Cafe garden near by, our guide again made his influence felt. It was against the rules to put two tables together, and he was just in the act of doing this, when a waiter came rushing up, forbidding it. "Nur ruhig" he replied, and kept on, while the waiter angrily went away without taking our order. Charlie, however, unabashed at this went off and returned with the head waiter, who laughingly took our order. He was another of Charlie's friends.

Returning to the palace we saw more interesting things among which were Voltaire's room and several of Madam Pompadour's clocks, which were beautiful and costly. When Frederick the Great began to tire of Voltaire he planned this room during his absence. Voltaire was a vain man, hence he had a complete outfit of toilet accessories made, but all, shaving cup, brush, etc. in minature form. And the walls were decorated with strutting peacocks. Voltaire was a very homely man despite his extreme vanity and Frederick personated him through monkeys, in fact the whole room represented his character, which was anything but praiseworthy, and when he returned and saw this room he felt that he had fallen from grace and departed.

The Spider Room was another interesting

feature. It contains a spider's web and spider painted on the ceiling in the middle of the room. The story connected with this runs as follows: Frederick the Great was fond of his cup of chocolate in the morning, and had sent for it as usual. Now, there had been a conspiracy against his life and it was arranged that the cook should mix a strong and deadly poison in his cup. When it was brought to him and he was about to put the cup to his lips, a spider from above dropped down into it. Disgusted he poured the chocolate into a saucer for his favorite dog, of which he was very fond, and sent for a second cup. The dog licked the chocolate and without a moan lay dead. Frederick, however, thought him asleep and impatiently paced the floor. Meanwhile a servant had appeared in the kitchen demanding a second cup. "What!" cried the cook, "if Frederick drank the first, he will never need the second," but when assured that he was alive and waiting, the cook hurriedly took his flight. While this was taking place Frederick was bending over what he thought was his sleeping dog, but soon saw that life was extinct. Going to the empty cup he now saw a peculiar substance in it. He immediately surmised all, realizing in what danger his life had been, and in memory of this had the room painted in the manner before mentioned.

The private dining-room was also interesting.

It was here that, when he wished no servants around him, or when he held important secret meetings concerning the affairs of state, the table was set and all the necessities were sent up from the kitchen on a dumb-waiter.

This peculiar man died in a chair by a window with one of his favorite dogs on either side, and these his last moments are immortalized in marble, a wonderful piece of work. It gives one a strange feeling to look at this face bending forward and staring ahead with death agony written on the features, and his dogs looking up at him uneasily.

From this we went to the New Palace which is magnificent. I will only note the Shell Room, as it is called, which must be seen to be appreciated. The walls and ceilings are made up of beautiful shells forming all kinds of figures, and between these is a countless number of precious stones. The whole room reminded me of an enchanted chamber in a fairy-tale. Of the two hundred rooms of this palace the Shell Room alone is worth the visit.

After going through the palaces we proceeded to the Garden and Orangery, which is adorned with statuary. In this were the trophies which the Germans captured from the Chinese. The garden with the famous Sanssouci Fountains aroused our enthusiasm and we regretted very much not being able to spend more time in it.

The historical Old Mill, which is just outside the garden, is very picturesque, and marks another event in the life of Frederick.

He was quite musical and among other instruments played the flute. The room in which he was wont to play was on the side nearest the mill and its rattle and noise disturbed him very much, and he ordered the mill closed. The miller, however, a very determined man, took no heed to this, and when he was called before Frederick, who threatened to take the mill away from him, he replied, "Your Majesty has no right to do this and if it happens I shall summon your own law to my aid."

This answer both surprised and pleased Frederick, who admired bravery, and the miller was rewarded accordingly and to this day, descendants of the miller's family are living in it and as long as the generation exists it is not to go out of their hands.

After this most interesting day we returned to Berlin thoroughly satisfied with our trip, and hardly tired, but found time to take an evening walk in the beautiful Thiergarten, which is a park two miles long with many ponds and groves of large trees.

Next day after lunch we started for Dresden three hours distant. This is a pretty place and the favorite abode of Americans. While here we went through the Museum and the celebrated Green

THE HISTORIC MILL, POTSDAM.

Vault, in which are many precious diamonds and stones of enormous wealth. The Royal Palace was also visited.

The picture gallery, supposed to be the finest in Germany contains the Sistine Madonna and other celebrated works. In one room we saw the "Chocolate Lady" as our guide called it, which represents the Quaker Lady so widely advertised on Baker's cocoa and chocolate.

The following day we left Dresden for Vienna and after a beautiful ride arrived there by night.

CHAPTER III.

VIENNA AND ITALY.

It was here that we encountered our first day of rain, since the beginning of the tour from Liverpool, for when we arose next day it was to a leaden sky and the incessant thud of rain drops which continued all that day and the next as if to make up for all the lovely days before.

We persevered in our sight-seeing however, but did not see this beautiful city to advantage, as the weather threw a damper on us. Our means of conveyance was a German tallyho, with the lower seats protected, the top ones very preferable in nice weather. Even in the rain some of the girls climbed up and everywhere we appeared the people stared at us open mouthed, and a little old woman was almost run over, she seemed so petrified with astonishment.

We stopped at the Imperial Vault, where lie the coffins of Maria Theresia, Maria Louise, Maximilian of Mexico, and proceeded through the palace in which we saw the apartments of Maria Theresia.

The riding school and the Royal Stables were

interesting. In these stables are six hundred and sixteen horses and over three hundred and twenty carriages.

I could understand the men's enthusiasm over the horses, for I, myself, derived much pleasure from looking at the beautiful animals, some of which were of the purest white.

A pussy had made itself a bed on a mound of hay thrown before one of the horses and was blinking at us from under his very nose, which he did not seem to mind, however.

From here we rode to Schönbrunn, a splendid Imperial residence, the summer abode of the Emperor. It is here that Napoleon had his headquarters, and where his son died.

Beautiful gardens, fountains, statuary and flowers adorn the place. The tall trees had been cut straight down on the side facing the avenue, while the other side of the same trees were left in natural growth. This formed a singular effect and gave the appearance of an immense green wall.

The prettiest places, however, looked dull on this day, for it was still raining furiously, and as no carriages were allowed we viewed the garden on foot, but the umbrellas over us and the necessary attention to the puddles at our feet kept our eyes from the pretty things.

We parted that night with the hope for more agreeable weather next day, but the morning dawned and still the same monotonous patter continued against the windows. The others went out but I stayed back to meet my cousin who arrived at the hotel at the appointed time and we spent the day together as best we could, even braving the rain. When he left me in the evening I felt that my visit to Vienna had not altogether gone "zu Wasser", as the German expresses a failure.

Next day (O, tantalizing fate) was the most beautiful of days. We were leaving Vienna to travel all day in the train, where rain is sometimes quite useful to keep down the soot, but on this occasion the scenery was so grand that we were glad of the favorable weather. In our enthusiasm, we could not remain seated, but lined up along the windows calling and exclaiming.

When, after passing picturesque bridges, we would reach the top of a mountain and look at the immeasurable depth below, with the bridges we had passed and the valleys beneath, we could hardly find words to express the grandeur of it all.

In the evening we changed cars at the frontier and had our baggage examined, passing through what we at first thought a rigid examination of the Customs. They ordered us out of the train with all our baggage, and when we at last staggered into

the examination room, which was closely guarded, we were surrounded by officers, who kept shouting as if in a terrible rage and made us think that our very souls would be searched, when suddenly we received a chalk mark on our belongings, some without even having opened their baggage, and were dismissed without further ceremony. We came to enjoy these inspections, especially as we, being a party, usually pulled through admirably. Our guide always told us to fall back and let him ahead, and he would then produce his satchel, which was innocent of souvenirs or other smuggled goods, and his trunk also which he tried to have on top of ours, and, when mentioning us, as his party, we were always allowed to go without further examination.

After this we boarded our train and passed into Italy, when the scenery changed somewhat but was still beautiful, and later on the moon rose red and large.

Oh, it was a most beautiful night when we arrived at Venice at eleven o'clock. As usual we were tormenting our guide with eager questions, especially about the gondolas, and he assured us very earnestly that the bus would be at the station to convey us to the hotel in the usual manner and amused himself immensely at my especially disappointed face, but when we went through the station to the other side — there! we saw Venice aflame with light, and

a half dozen gondolas in waiting, with their steersmen all talking at once and in an excited manner.

It was Queen Marguerite's birthday and our guide had prepared a pleasant surprise, for we were to see the illumination before we turned in at the hotel. We were charmed with the brilliancy of it. The music issued mainly from a pavilion, a veritable bower of light on the water, and as the strains of Tannhauser came to us we thought they were never so impressive before. As our hotel was not far distant the music even afterward lulled us to sleep.

Next morning our chief aim was to see what we could of Venice without the aid of a gondola, which we did starting from the back of our hotel, (the front was a water way,) walking along the pavements and crossing bridges, until we reached St. Mark's Square, which is surrounded by palaces suggesting past grandeur, and St. Mark's Church.

It is a picturesque center of Venetian life, especially at evening when the bands play and people crowd there by the thousands. During the day the pigeons reign. These have been fed here daily for seven hundred years. They are so tame that one is in danger of stepping on them, and if you buy corn for a few centimes and display it, they fly on your shoulders, head and hands in their endeavor to secure it.

In the afternoon we had a delightful ride in a little yacht to Lido and Torcello, which has a wonderful seventh century cathedral that looks from the outside like an old ruin, but is famous for the mosaics it contains.

Lido is a pretty sea shore resort and we amused ourselves watching the bathers.

In the evening everyone went gondola riding. Oh, never to be forgotten night! The moon rose full over the dome of the beautiful church Maria de la Salute and its reflection on the water mingled with the surrounding lights. This, together with the delightful music and singing which prevailed everywhere, made the night most enchanting, but it came to an end at last and the next morning dawned as fair as the foregoing.

Our first visiting place on this day was the beautiful Doge's Palace, in which we saw the Golden Staircase, also the Giant Staircase where the Doges were crowned. It was here that we saw the secret room of the police with its door leading to the Bridge of Sighs which connects the palace with the chief prison in Venice and over which the prisoners were brought. It has a double passage and it is said, that when prisoners were brought through this passage they never returned but knew their doom and consequently its silent grim walls heard many a sigh and groan. This is also in close con-

nection with the room where prisoners were tortured.

The Hall of the Council of Ten is the largest room in the palace with the portraits of the Doges and a number of old historical pictures and Tintoretto's Paradise. If I have not noted wrongly there are two-thousand heads in this picture, and it took eleven months to finish it.

From this room we stepped out on the balcony to enjoy a view of Venice, and were shown a place between the arches where a Doge was crowned and a short while after beheaded in the same place. From here we also saw before us the sight of the Campanile.

Next we visited the dark prisons and saw the cell occupied by Lord Byron twenty-four hours. There were low dungeons where the prisoners were deprived even of light and where the executions took place. Sometimes they were starved, or left to be drowned by the tide which rises and falls about Venice and their bodies given to the gondoliers through a hole in the wall.

The Church of St. Mark near by was next visited, which is a magnificent piece of Venetian architecture built in the form of a Greek cross. Our attention was attracted to the floor, which is quite uneven and sunken here and there caused by the tide which has twice flooded the place.

50 THE RIALTO, VENICE.

The Altar behind the Tomb of St. Mark the Apostle has four alabaster columns, two of which are said to have belonged to Solomon's Temple. They are beautiful and transparent, and we all stepped up to see the light through them.

The next church we entered was the Maria de la Salute, which is often conspicuous in pictures of Venice, and has many statues and paintings, adjoining Patriarchal Seminary with rich library and pictures.

From here we jumped into our gondolas once more and made for the hotel passing under the Rialto Bridge. By this time it was evening, but after partaking of our meal none seemed tired enough to stay in, but soon all the "Cookies" (as we had named ourselves) did not stay in the pantry, but could all be found afloat again in the watery streets of Venice.

We did not forget to festoon the stores either before leaving and did it so thoroughly on this occasion that we almost knew the contents of certain windows by heart and in each doorway was "a spider glibly inviting us flies to enter" and charging great prices for their ware.

The last beautiful morning dawned on Venice and we had our farewell gondola ride to the station. On our way we met huckstering gondolas, grocery wagons, I meant to say grocery gondolas, laden with provisions and at one house they were moving, and

all kinds of household furnishings were being carried down into one.

The well-to-do families of Venice have their own private equipments and mostly two gondoliers becomingly arrayed in white suits and broad-brimmed hats with blue or red bands and a sash of the same color around their waist and tied at the side. Some of these fellows looked decidedly graceful and very clean, which is a rather unusual feature with Italians.

After successfully avoiding two collisions in in which the gondoliers exchanged a few pet names and engaged in a heated argument as to who turned in the wrong direction, we finally arrived at the station and climbed the broad stairs with a last long look over our shoulder.

The day became quite warm and at Bologna we changed cars and arrived at Florence at half past six o'clock in the evening. Our hotel was on the Arno River and my window afforded full view of the stream. It was at one time a palace of a Medici, which explained the arrangement of some of the rooms and the presence of antechambers.

Next morning after breakfast found us all collected in the hall ready for our days work. The first place on the list was the Palace, a tall massive building. The court-yard contains some dainty work including a fountain in the center with the figure of

a boy and a vase which is much admired. The Uffizi and Pitti Galleries, part of the palace contain vast art collections and which I won't begin to describe.

We proceeded to the Church of the Holy Cross an imposing basilica, in which are the tombs of Galileo, Michael Angelo and other great men. The walls had been whitewashed for four centuries, but by a peculiar process have been uncovered and display some valuable paintings beneath.

The Cathedral Maria del Fiori is one of the grandest Gothic churches in Europe. The dome is higher than that of St. Peter's, and may be ascended. The interior contains much of art. The Bell Tower is another marvelous piece of work,and in the chapel is a tomb of Countess Moltke, a niece of the great General. At the Baptistery we saw the celebrated bronze doors, after which we went through the chapel of St. Lorenzo, belonging to the Medici family, and in the Sacristy, which is new, are Angelo's "Twilight", "Dawn", "Day" and "Night" over the tombs of the Medici.

In the afternoon we went driving in the park and stopped at the Marble Works to watch the artists in their occupation and viewed the most exquisite stone productions heretofore seen.

We left next day for Rome arriving at two P. M. Here we visited the Vatican. Our attention was first attracted to the singular uniform of the

Swiss Guards. We ascended the splendid staircase which on festive occasions is often decorated and entered the Sistine Chapel viewing the magnificent ceiling frescoed by Michael Angelo.

In the picture gallery we viewed more wonderful paintings. From a window we saw the Alban Hills and the walls of the Vatican. These grounds cover an area of three miles. We also saw Hadrian's Castle of St. Angelo. Last of all we viewed the gardens of the Vatican, where the Pope used to promenade.

In the afternoon we visited St. John's Lateran, the Pope's Church. In close connection with it is a monastery court of the Thirteenth Century which is very beautiful and starts one to dreaming of the times ages ago when sombre looking monks might have been seen walking in the garden chanting their prayers.

Not far from here we viewed an Egyptian obelisk which is so old, our guide told us, that Moses might have looked upon it as a boy. In the church was shown to us a white marble sarcophagus with a black lion, the place where the Pope would be buried, should he die. At the time we were in Rome, he was lingering between life and death, and died before we left.

The Church of St. Croce stands among lonely fields and dates from the Fourth Century. In this

is the Holy Staircase which Luther ascended on his knees. It is said to be much worn, and is now covered. A man, woman, and child were crawling up step by step engaged in devotion, but could not refrain from casting backward glances of curiosity at us.

From here we proceeded to the Baths of Caracalla, driving along the celebrated Appian Way, from which place we had a fine view of the aqueducts, and the Alban Mountains. These Baths still show remains of their ancient vastness and magnificence. They accommodated sixteen hundred bathers. The walls of the rooms were said to have been porphyry and alabaster. Parts of the mosaic floors still exist. As we stood around our learned guide, listening to his tale of bygone splendour which once reigned in the vast ruins, some one remarked, that in those days the Romans believed in washing themselves, which is more than they do now.

We picked beautiful wild flowers and maiden hair fern among the ruins and scared up an owl which had made its abode in a dark corner of the wall. Before the roof fell in, a hermit had dwelled at this silent spot.

From here we again entered our carriages and after a delightful drive passed through the beautiful Arch of Constantine, and alighted in fair view of the Colosseum. It is a magnificent ruin,—one-third

of it still standing, — and of the portion taken away many palaces have been built. It was the scene of terrible bloodshed. Ten thousand men and five thousand beasts were slain at its inauguration, and it is here that countless fights of gladiators took place, and the Christians were thrown to the lions.

Our excellent guide made the scene so graphic that we almost imagined we could see the gladiators and lions emerging from their apartments underneath the stage. To view these gigantic ruins by moonlight makes the place become alive with past memories.

After this pleasing day followed a second. We visited the Forum. What an interesting morning we spent among these ruins, many thousands of years old. It is impossible for me to describe this place, so I will just mention a few interesting facts.

We were shown the place where Julius Caesar spoke to the people and the foundation of the temple of Caesar, where Mark Anthony delivered his funeral oration.

From a high elevation we looked down on the Arch of Titus and the remains of the House of the Vestal Virgins, an abode of nuns, and also the House of Cicero.

We saw the place where Caligula was murdered and also where Julius Caesar's life was taken.

Further on was the house of Germanicus, and

the Temple of Victory 1000 B. C., and the palace where Agrippina received her guests, and Nero played as a child.

Some of the terra cotta pipes which run along its walls are said to have been made by women. On the walls are still faint remains of exquisite paintings.

In the afternoon we visited St. Peters, which is built on the site of Nero's Circus, where the Christians were persecuted, and St. Peter was martyred. An obelisk marks the place.

St. Peter's Church is six hundred and ninety-six feet long and one hundred and fifty-three feet high. Imagine such dimensions. When one enters the front, the people at the extreme other end look very small. Everything is so colossal in this church, but it does not appear so at a distance, as the vast expanse is in keeping with the surroundings.

The high altar over the tomb of St. Peter is approached by marble stairs, and surrounded by one hundred and twelve ever burning lamps, which, from the entrance look like tiny candle lights. The effect is very beautiful.

The Pope's temporary resting place was shown to us, where his body would first be taken.

The famous bronze statue of St. Peter was also viewed. The toe of this statue has been so fre-

quently kissed that it has entirely disappeared, and a silver cap now covers the place.

From here we drove to the Pantheon. The circular interior is very impressive. It receives its light from an opening in the dome, which is twenty-eight feet in diameter, and open to all kinds of weather. To the observer this opening appears to be not more than a few feet in diameter, but the great height at which it is placed is deceiving.

Raphael is buried here, and we also saw the temporary resting place of King Humbert, and the tomb where King Victor Emmanuel of Italy will lie.

What I have told you of Rome is very little, for it contains so much of interest, and may well be called the Eternal City.

Four of the party, myself included, had planned a side trip to Naples and Pompeii and started out next day. It was very warm, and after resting at the hotel we went to view the excavations. After looking at casts of bodies which were shown in just the position they had been found, we went up to Pompeii, and spent a few very interesting hours among its ruins.

The walls are one and a half miles around, with eight gates. The streets are paved with lava blocks, and have stepping stones and foundations at the corners. The concrete lower stories of the houses are still preserved, but the other stories were burned.

We viewed the vast amphitheatre, which seated 20,000, in fact we saw all there was to see, but which I could not describe in detail.

Perhaps many of you have looked through the Pompeian Room at Centennial Hall, Fairmount Park. The pictures of the excavations on the right hand side are exactly as I saw them, and trod over those very stones, and in and out of those ruins.

It was a very hot day, and little Italian boys with buckets of fresh spring water followed and we frequently quenched our burning thirst.

From this place we had a good view of Mt. Vesuvius near by, which every now and then emitted little puffs of smoke. Next day a slight eruption took place in which sufficient lava flowed out to destroy the little watch house on the mountain, but without doing further damage. We were sorry that it did not happen when we were there, as it must have been intensely interesting, of course only as long at there was no danger.

For about the first time, that night after we returned to Naples, we did not go out, but spent the evening on little piazzas which led out from each window, and enjoyed an interesting view of the city.

This place abounds in beggars. At every turn they accost you, even following the carriages in numbers, until becoming disgusted, you throw a

handful of centimes at them, when they fall back, and there is a wild scramble.

On the evening of this day there were bills posted everywhere, before which the people stood talking excitedly, and those who knew a little Italian, thought it looked like the death notice of Pope Leo XIII, which was verified later at the hotel.

There was no unusual excitement, however, and we were not prevented from our sightseeing. We visited the Museum of Naples next day, and saw much of interest, especially of Pompeii. We then took our carriages and drove up the hill to the Castle of St. Elmo, which is a vast fortress, now used as a military prison. Close by is the Monastery of San Martino of the 13th Century, in which is a part of the National Museum.

The Cloisters are beautiful. They are surrounded by white marble columns, and adorned with statuary, and the magnificent church is lined with choice marbles and mosaics, and contains famous paintings.

As interesting as the morning was, the best was yet to come. From a balcony of the Monastery we enjoyed an exquisite view of the beautiful bay of Naples and surroundings. This alone was worth the coming. We were quite lost in admiration. Our guide had to pull us away, as it was getting late and our train was scheduled to leave

right after luncheon for Rome, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening.

At noon next day we left for Pisa, and saw the Leaning Tower, climbing to the very top, from which point we again enjoyed a magnificent view.

Near by is the Baptistery, which has a handsome font. A baby was just being christened, which ceremony we were privileged to witness.

Afterwards we listened to the wonderful echo in the dome, aroused by a man singing, and which formed chords like those of a church organ.

We left Pisa in the afternoon, for Genoa. This is a most tantalizing ride. When the first blue streak of the beautiful Mediterranean began to appear, some cheered loudly, threw up their hats, and gave way to their enthusiasm in various ways. Alas, we were only to get short glimpses of it, for when we came alongside, we rushed out of one tunnel into another. Our "Ohs" and "Ahs" had not died from our lips before we were again submerged into darkness. As soon as daylight appeared everyone leaped to the windows to make the most of their time. At last one of the ladies became disgusted, and winding a black silk handkerchief around her head to keep out the soot, leaned back, in a corner, and said "disturb me no more."

Dear friends, on that afternoon we passed through one hundred and eight tunnels, and when

we as last arrived at Genoa, we appeared to belong to the Caucasian race no more. Alas, for the ladies who had donned their white waists. We were getting hardened, however, by this time, and after supper we had some music and a cake walk in the parlor of the hotel, and felt as chipper as ever.

Next morning our drive was through the town to the cathedral. On the way there one of the horses attached to our carriage became unruly; the driver fell from his seat, and his feet became entangled in the reigns, and we jumped from the carriage just as one of the horses tumbled and fell breaking the shaft. I was the last of the four to jump, and it was very fortunate for the driver and me that the horse fell, which prevented a mad runaway, as the other horse had also become frightened.

After a short delay we entered another carriage and reached the cathedral without further excitement. From here we drove out to the bay and up a hill where we viewed Genoa and the beautiful waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and arrived at the Campo Santo where in long corridors statue upon statue is grouped in tribute to the dead.

We left Genoa in the afternoon, going through only ten tunels and arriving at Milan at 7:05 in the evening. Our hotel was in full view of the cathedral second to St. Peter's in size and which we visited the following morning. Of this structure

the wonderful marble roof alone has two thousand life sized statues and when one climbs the five hundred steps which lead to the summit and looks over these figures amid numerous turrets, steeples and buttresses the effect is almost indescribable.

We too ascended them but long before we had reached the last step to the top, a number had fallen back declaring they could go no further, but a few persevered and we were repaid when we reached the top and enjoyed the view before described. The city beneath was a toy affair, the people looking like penny dolls, and in the distance the snow-clad Alps, the Apeninnes, the Jungfrau and other mountains fringed the horizon. We became so interested that we forgot all about the others who had already gone down, and in our hurry entered a different stairway and reached the bottom at the extreme other end of the meeting-place. The others had waited, then left, thinking we preferred staying up there. They had gone on to view the remains of Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper. The picture is in a very old church and has been whitewashed, then scraped, and the monks, (stupid fellows,) cut the picture to put a door in the wall. The picture is crumbling and becoming faint, but still thousands come to view it.

In the evening we went promenading in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, the finest arcade in the

world and surrounded by handsome shops, and stopped to hear some music well rendered by a ladies orchestra.

We left Milan quite satisfied with it and started for Como. There we took a steamer and after a most beautiful ride on Lake Como, arrived at Menaggio, our next stopping place, with which we were all delighted. Our hotel was only a few feet away from the water and we found we had all received a room facing the lake.

I am sure I was never in a more picturesque spot. The grand mountains on all sides, dotted here and there with villages nestling amid vineyards and forests, formed a becoming frame to this charming little lake of which the poets delight to sing.

In the evening tiny fires could be seen burning on the mountains opposite in celebration of the day, (we were told,) the significance of which I regret not to know.

After a few delightful hours rowing on the lake and sitting in the garden, we at last sought rest, but not before I had stood long at my window charmed with the night. The sky was brilliant with stars which seemed also to be in the lake at my feet. The base of the big black mountains opposite were being lit up every now and then by a search-light which went the entire round of the lake, and this was done all night. I do not know why, perhaps

GRAND HOTEL, MENAGGIO.

to watch the lake and shore for anything suspicious, at any rate, I awoke once during the night to find the mysterious light just flitting across my bed, from where I could look over the lake.

Next morning was Sabbath and a peaceful quiet seemed to prevail everywhere, interrupted only by the bells which burst forth in melodious peal. There was no clamor of city noises or excitement, for beside a few pretty hotels, there was only a small village and that one quarter of an hour distant, and Oh, goodness be praised! no museums to go through, or picture galleries or cathedrals to be visited, for we had already seen so many that we felt quite crammed and dangerously near a moral dyspepsia. Nothing to do but to study nature sitting in the garden under the beautiful magnolia trees, in which the birds made music, or to row out on the lake and watch the shores reflected on its bosom.

While staying here, an amusing incident occurred to me. First I would like to note that the elevators of Europe are sometimes curious arrangements and become ridiculous when compared with those of America. Often it occurred that those going up the stairs reached the top before the elevators so exceeding slow did some of them work. Rarely more than four were allowed in one and these were sometimes sent up without an attendant.

Quite frequently they became out of order and refused to work at all.

On this particular morning at Menaggio I was just about to ascend the stairs when the porter beckoned to the little elevator near by. It was about comfortably large enough for one person but there was also a large one on the place. I stepped into the elevator, which was one of the self-going kind, while the porter stayed back to watch its progress. Halfway between two floors it suddenly stopped, refusing to work either way. I heard the man fumbling with the ropes and a few minutes after saw him rushing to the story above, endeavoring to start it. There I was, like a caged bird and unable to escape my prison, while the porter made frequent flying trips from the bottom of the stairs to the top muttering and shaking his head. At last the naughty little cage began to move upwards and with a sigh of relief I stepped out and called to the worried man below that all was right.

Somehow after that I became fond of the exercise of stair-climbing rather than be made prisoner a second time.

The weather was still perfect the morning we left by electric cars for Lugano, where we changed for the train bound for Lucerne.

The ride from Menaggio was very pretty with the lake on one side and the mountains on the other,

but after we left Lugano and travelled by way of St. Gotthard the scenery became overwhelming.

Beautiful cascades varied with roaring torrents crowned by snowy peaks of inaccessible heights followed by gorges and deep fertile valleys, with picturesque villages nestling among the shadow of rugged mountains and these again tamed down to slopes where herds of cattle grazed amid the bright green.

As usual we had our reserved car and were enjoying ourselves. The guide was explaining the surroundings and whenever he called we all sprang up.

"To this side", he exclaimed, and everybody scrambled, and a minute later he would call "now quick to the other", at which we leaped in the opposite direction, for we did not want to miss the least of our beautiful surrounding.

When he turned to us and earnestly remarked, "now comes something great, everybody to the right and watch", we obeyed full of expectation.

A minute later we were in a deep black tunnel, and our guide sat back laughing, his little trick had worked. We had an ample share of tunnels on that day, one of which was very long and took over fifteen minutes to pass through.

We arrived at Lucerne in the evening and again our hotel was in view of the lake.

CHAPTER IV.

SWITZERLAND.

LUCERNE is beautifully situated at the outlet of the most lovely lake in Switzerland between the Pilatus and Rigi and facing the Alps. Its shops are very attractive, the streets pretty and clean, and at night especially along the lake delightful music greets the ear and the numerous boats on the water are lit up with many colored lights.

One of the principal things to see is Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne which represents a dying lion cut in the face of a cliff and commemorating eight hundred soldiers of the Swiss Guards who died in defence of the Tuileries. It is a wonderful piece of work and especially impressive at night when there is illumination.

The Glacial Gardens are also interesting and show that Lucerne must have been a glacier at one time. The huge stones, once twirled around by the water, have worn deep holes in the top of a rocky glacier. There are also stones there with the impression of palm leaves and other tropical plants, which show that at one time the temperature must have been also tropical.

After this the "Cookies" all went in a mirror maze and found themselves bumping into the glass at every turn. The elevator, in which six people, by means of looking-glass walls, give back the reflection of a countlesss number, was also tried. In the evening some of us went to hear Tyrolean singing which was excellent.

Next day an excursion to the Rigi was made. It was a beautiful morning and crowds flocked to the boats. We rode across the lake to Vitznau, where we took the cars for the top. The scenery was beautiful and mountain flowers of every description lined the way.

On arriving at the summit we lunched at the hotel after which we hurried out.

What a sight met our eyes! We looked down into a new world. On all sides were mountains, snow-capped and otherwise, until far back, the lakes, immovable sheets of deep blue and green, with the ships on them looking like water-bugs, the houses as if you could hold a couple in your hands, and the distant villages only a succession of tiny dots.

We saw the land-slide where in 1806 a hundred houses were swept into the sea.

We were not long to enjoy the view however, a heavy cloud settled below enveloping all. It also began to rain and we fled to the hotel, but it soon passed over. As the time for leaving came we

sauntered to the waiting platform where a little excitement occurred. When the car came along, a man ran to meet it and jumped on which was against the rules. Immediately a sturdy conductor caught hold of him ordering him off. He angrily refused to do so and a tussle ensued. By this time the car had stopped but the fellow was promptly arrested and had to pay a heavy fine. It is not likely that the remembrance of the Rigi will awaken any sweet feelings in his bosom.

Going down we had a beautiful view after we emerged from the cloud and arrived at the hotel feeling very satisfied with our day's outing.

It was raining quite hard the morning we left Lucerne but when we arrived at the Brunig Pass the weather had favorably changed and we saw more charming scenery.

The trees and blossoms were almost within a hand's grasp at times and some tried snatching the latter from the open window. At one of the stations, before ascending the pass, there was a few minutes stop and quite a number hurried out. There was another Cook's Party on the train much larger than ours and many of these had also stepped down, when suddenly and without warning the train started off.

Several dozen people rushed forward, then stopped and looked at the receding train with wild

fright in their eyes, but it was only switching and soon returned, thereby rolling an avalanche from the hearts of those left back who soon boarded the train with happy faces. After reaching the top of the mountain we descended towards Meiringen, a beautiful village encompassed by high snow-capped mountains abounding in romantic waterfalls and cascades.

From there we proceeded by railway to Brienz and then by steamer to Interlaken passing the Giesbach Waterfall.

Interlaken is another fascinating place, beautifully situated in a glen between two lakes and a most fashionable and popular resort. The promenade lined with trees affords pleasant walking and a beautiful view of the mountains, especially the Jungfrau glistening in perpetual whiteness.

We enjoyed some excellent music at the Kursaal, then stepped back into the miniature Monte Carlo to watch the people gamble during intermission.

Among the fashionable people crowding around the tables was a little wrinkled old woman, who with trembling hand was taking some money from her hand-bag and with eager eyes sought a place to gamble.

An excursion was planned for the following day to Grindelwald and at the appointed time the

"Cookies" could be seen with warm wraps, rain coats and umbrellas, anxiously studying the sky which looked rather heavy.

First we passed along an even road through tiny villages, with the neatest little Swiss chalets whose window ledges were mostly filled with flowering plants. At one station little girls were displaying delicious looking wild strawberries, some of which wandered in through the window.

On we sped past very green meadows tinted with wild flowers, and crossed streams in which the water seemed to be aboil, fairly bubbling and foaming over the many stones.

Soon the road became steeper and the scenery round about grew wild-looking and strangely fascinating.

The little Swiss houses clinging to the sides of immense steep mountains looked very picturesque and made one wonder how it could be possible to reach them.

At last we reached Grindelwald and the snow-capped mountains began to look very near. We had a beautiful drive up the mountain, passing a boy with an alp-horn so large that it rested on a foundation and for a little tip he blew it awakening a musical echo to which we listened until the last tone died far away among the mountains.

Presently we approached the celebrated glacier

72 THE GRINDELWALD GLACIER

and after climbing some steps in the ice entered the grotto which is cut out of the glacier and is over two hundred feet in length and wonderfully beautiful. A silvery blue light casts a peculiar radiance on all around and although there was a lively patter of drops overhead, (it being July,) our umbrellas came down in a hurry and as we viewed the beautiful blue around and above us, the little drops seemed to take aim and jumped down right into our upturned eyes and wonder-opened mouths. At the end of the passage was a flickering candle light, or else we might have walked into the wall becoming so absorbed in looking.

After emerging from the cave we looked at the mountain of perpetual ice above it, while our conductor was telling us of a tale the villagers tell each other, how a young man once climbed the glacier and never returned. They say it takes twenty years for a glacier to reach the bottom of a mountain and the young man's sweetheart waited all these years until one day she, old with years and grief, beheld his body, still as young and handsome as the day he perished, which was due to the fact that it had been imbedded in the ice and preserved by the intense cold.

This tale did not sound at all improbable to us on that day, for was it not July and were we not standing amid snow and ice while not so many yards

away the trees were green and wild flowers grew around in profusion?

After having satisfied our eyes we turned back, lingering on our way to gather flowers and to watch the noisy waters of a mountain stream, as it rushed beneath rustic bridges.

Our carriages were waiting and soon we were going down the mountain still enjoying a view of the glacier and at Grindelwald scattered for a short walk and might have been seen in most every store on the main street on the hunt for souvenirs and post cards.

We returned to Interlaken about six in the evening full of interest over what we had seen and regretted to think that the morrow would be our parting day.

It was a clear fresh morning when we left and the Jungfrau was glistening and shimmering in the sun-light so that even after we had boarded the train, a few could not refrain from stepping off to take still another look.

Our next stopping place was Berne, the capital of Switzerland, which we reached after a beautiful ride but where, however, we were to spend only a few hours. We visited the Bear Pit and watched the funny lazy bears, the Kindlifresser Fountain, with which the mothers of Berne fright-

en their children into obedience, then hastened on to see the Clock Tower proclaim the hour.

This was my last lunch with the tour party as I was leaving them for a three weeks' stay with relatives in another part of Switzerland after which I was booked to join another Cook's Tour for Geneva and Paris and as the next chapter will treat exclusively of my individual experience you will pardon me if I refer to myself in the third person.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF A DETACHED COOKIE.

A RATHER down-hearted member of Cook's Party she was and the first to break the ranks. Somehow lunch passed unusually quiet that day, some one remarking that the parting "Cookie" was forcefully reminding them of the near and final disbandment of Tour 26, which had become like one large family.

After a last look at the magnificent panorama of snowy Alps from the garden of the hotel she followed the guide or conductor for the last time who was arranging for her leaving and hurried her into a hotel bus.

The other "Cookies" had collected in a little party in front of the hotel and were waving their hands and handkerchiefs at the receding bus, where a lonely Cookie was responding with a sad smile.

She was to reach her destination, Schaffhausen, by evening. Towards the end of the journey, only a loving couple remained in the non-smoking compartment with the Cookie, but they were billing and

cooing as if they alone existed and thought that "Die Fremde", opposite them did not understand their language. She however understood it all and the remarks made about her hotel-checkered suit-case and about herself, but turned her smiles outside in and seemed to be lost in the view outside.

At last Schaffhausen was reached and with an eager heart the Cookie alighted. She was about to descend the steps for the other side when a young man came running up and caught hold of her saying "This must be cousin Anna."

She assented and together they went to the opposite side where an affectionate greeting took place between her and her aunt from whom she had been parted for two months.

Soon they were on their way to the village, an hour's drive distant. The road was part way along the Rhine and there was a beautiful sunset which died while the moon was rising.

Another aunt and two more cousins were in the door-way of the little Swiss chalet when the carriage stopped. They were full of expectation but had been troubled now and then, wondering whether their American relative would be proud, or scorn the idea of living in their plain little home. She, however ran up and gave them all a kiss and a hug after which they felt much better.

The whole happy party then entered. The

first doorway was framed in green and the woods near by had been stripped of ivy and ever-green to adorn the place.

Over the middle of the entrance hung a wreath encircling the word "Willkommen" and inside on every picture and window were branches of fir.

Upstairs was a veritable little woods of green and on a small table in a room which was to be the Cookie's, was a bunch of wild flowers of such dainty prettiness that made her remark they were fit to paint.

The whole house was scented with such a delicious Christmas smell and the Cookie was happy and so was everybody else.

After refreshing herself somewhat, she joined the others and all sat down to supper. The room with the snowy-curtained windows and the flower-ledge outside filled with blooming plants, awakened memories in her of days gone by when she had stood in that same room rather a small girl on her first visit from America.

It was a novel experience for her to live a peasant life for three weeks and she thoroughly enjoyed it which made the others happy and rolled a stone from their hearts.

The next day was Sunday. It was a lovely fresh morning and the Cookie was preparing to go to the little village church where her good kind

father had been christened and confirmed and she entered the building with mingled feelings, while the three bells overhead were ringing.

One of the bells was new and being rung for the first time and dedication services were held that morning.

In the afternoon an open air festival took place in which an account of the history of the church was read from a window of the school-house to the listeners below.

The Cookie was suddenly surprised to hear her father's name mentioned. He had made the church a considerable present some time before his death and this was here recorded together with a eulogy of him which the speaker ended by saying "We all in our thoughts lay a wreath on his grave." She was both touched and pleased at this, that she should have arrived for a day which seemed almost prepared for her and yet her presence only became known afterward when everyone crowded around to shake hands with a daughter of the man who lived in their memories.

A few days later she was raking hay in the meadows to the astonishment of the surrounding people who thought "Die Amerikanerin" too fine for such work. She also had a hand in forming sheaves of wheat to be bound, but the best of it all was the ride home on top of the wagon, watching

a beautiful sunset, or the large August moon hanging low in the sky.

There was one fear however, that could mar her pleasure and that was of cows. When these appeared, she fled in terror quite often clinging to the coat-tails of her farmer cousin, screaming, while he held his sides with laughter.

In the evening, when at a certain hour, the cattle were led to the well, and came along running and jumping at a lively rate, the Cookie would sit behind closed doors and could not be persuaded into her evening walk until every bouncing cow had vanished from the horizon.

Enjoyable drives were also taken and a mountain was visited on foot and the interesting ruins were viewed, from the dungeons, which were reached by descending a long ladder, to the watch tower from where an extensive view was enjoyed. Sometimes the people seemed little more than moving dots and the trains scurrying through the valley beneath, a despatch from midget land.

The Rheinfalls, not far from Schaffhausen, were also visited and the illumination enjoyed from the very best point of view, a little castle opposite the picturesque falls. The lovely moonlight walks home added to the charm of the evening.

What fun it was, too, to go bathing in the Rhine. There was one particular spot from where

the woods opposite gave back prolonged echoes. Whole sentences came back over the water and one did not tire of calling. Laughter especially rang loud and clear, until it seemed as if a living being were in that woods responding in mockery.

The second week, a trip to Zurich, a pretty city was taken and a never to be forgotten evening spent rowing on the beautiful lake.

The Cookie and her aunt left Zurich for Glarus and Ennenda, a most romantic region. Never before had the mountains seemed so high and only the sky directly overhead was perceptible.

It was a clear starry night and they sat at the open window looking up to the indescribable high wall of mountains on one side and to the other where shone the quiet waters of a beautiful lake.

The host and his wife were at the station and escorted them to their neat little home where, although they protested and the hour was rather late, they were made to partake of a little repast. The milk, eggs and butter were deliciously fresh and the rich pure honey was from the wild flowers of the mountains.

At last they retired and soon the dead quiet of the night had lulled them to peaceful slumber.

A melodious ringing of bells awoke the Cookie next morning and going to the window she saw a large number of mountain goats passing by beneath,

each with a bell around its neck. This window also afforded a magnificent view of the mountains within close range, which later in the day, to the disappointment of all, were enveloped in a mist.

The morning was spent in an interesting walk, but by noon, alas, it rained and still continued when the Cookie and her aunt took leave of the good people. Had the ride been a continuous one, the rain would not have troubled them, but they were obliged to change at four different stations to make connections and each time the rain beat down without mercy but they did not lose heart and consoled themselves with the old German adage "Kein Reisen ohne Ungemach."

While stopping at one of the stations their attention was attracted by the curious calls outside. Almost everyone seemed to be exclaiming "ou ou" and looking out to see who did the pinching they were amused to see the name of the station which consisted of but two letters, Au.

It was rather late when Schaffhausen was reached and it was decided to go on to the station nearest to the village and there go to the hotel instead of hiring a carriage to ride out. In fact they they could not secure any as they were told it was a dangerous road for horses by night. Then too, there was a dark woods to pass and farther on across the Rhine was an old convent now used as

an insane asylum and in the dead of the night unearthly cries and shrieks of its mad inmates could be heard from over the water.

Under these circumstances they were quite satisfied to stay where they were and start for home next morning.

When they awoke the sun was shining brightly and hastily arising they prepared to depart. It was Sunday and just as they were descending the steps toward the Rhine every bell in the town began to ring with a meldious mingling of tones which were wonderfully effective.

How different it was to return on this beautiful Sabbath morn instead of by night. The birds were warbling and everything looked fresh and green from the preceding rain.

The woods were passed which consisted of fir trees and not even the bright sun could penetrate enough to dispel the darkness within.

The bells of the town had stopped ringing and still there seemed to be an echo of them somewhere ahead first faint and hesitating then louder and clearer. As they stopped to listen they perceived on the other side below the convent a number of cows grazing on the green. It was from here where the music issued, for as the cows moved about the sounds started afresh and the water lent them a peculiar charm.

Each cow had around its neck a large bell which responded with every movement and sounded like the bells of a little chapel.

At last home was reached and there it was learned that a cousin had been at the preceding trains the day before and finding no one, imagined his relatives had decided to prolong their stay.

Two weeks had now been passed and there was only one more left.

The Cookie and the school-master's daughter, a very attractive girl, had arranged a little farewell concert at her father's home which was in the school-building. The daughter played unusually well and the duets were first tried with the piano.

Suddenly it occurred to her that downstairs in the school-room of the assistant teacher was one of those sweet-toned harmoniums belonging to him.

"Wait a moment" she said "I will take a peep to see if he is gone and then we will go down and play "Traumerei" which sounds beautiful on that little organ." After a few moments she came back smiling and said "the way is clear, he is gone for today and will never know the difference."

The Cookie shouldered her gun, or rather her violin and together they descended the stairs.

They were disappointed to find the harmonium locked but the young girl remembered that she had

seen him put the key in the cabinet. This was found unlocked and a moment later she was triumphantly swinging the key saying, "he need not think he can hide anything from me." There was even a violin stand near by which the Cookie pulled out and arranged her music on it after both had agreed it was strong enough to hold iron.

Everything ready, the music began. The sweet tones of the harmonium mingled with the strains of the school-master's old violin so well, that when the piece was finished the young girl's pretty face was beaming with pleasure and clapping her hands she exclaimed, "Oh, let us play it again!" The Cookie was willing and once more "Traumerei" floated on the air.

About in the middle of the piece the Cookie was dimly aware of some one entering the room and suddenly stopping. It flashed through her mind whether it might be the teacher, but not daring to look aside played bravely on, although the notes began jumping around and chasing each other.

When the piece was finished she looked up and met the eyes of a young man who was smiling down on two culprits. The other girl, her face suffused with blushes, began to explain and beg pardon but he interrupted. "On the contrary", he said, "I wish to apologize for disturbing and beg your permission to remain and listen to more music

while I do some copying." Both graciously gave their consent and the young man evidently enjoyed the rehearsal for he listened more than he copied.

The little concert in the evening came off smoothly and the Cookie regretfully wended her steps homeward with a farewell look at the old church and the school-house. Of course there were no electric lights or street lamps to light them home but they had a lantern and under cousin Fred's guidance, who was also carefully carrying a pot of honey of the schoolmaster's bees, they reached home safely and the Cookie could not refrain from a sigh of relief when they passed the well, to think that every cow was in bed.

At last the farewell day came and soon they were steaming away towards Vevey to visit another relative before joining a Cook's Party at Geneva.

Up to this time they had been very much at home in the language but already after noon the passengers coming in spoke in a strange tongue, and they began to feel uneasy among all their French surroundings.

Towards evening the scenery became mountainous and the beautiful Lake of Geneva appeared, its blue waters dotted with a number of white specks which afterwards proved to be swans and water-birds.

THE PROMENADE, VEVEY.

At the station they were at first rather puzzled as aunt had not seen her brother for a number of years and was not sure of recognizing him.

She went to the upper end of the platform in search when the Cookie espied a gentleman with two young girls eyeing her curiously, and she almost felt that it must be her uncle but she started for her aunt who was just returning when the man, seeing her too, uttered an exclamation of joy and folding her in his arms kissed her and also greeted his newly found niece.

All proceeded to the home which was but a few steps from the lake. At the door they were met by a woman who also kissed them affectionately but began speaking in French.

"Does your wife speak German" inquired the Cookie of her uncle, but he shook his head and when she asked "non parlevous francaise?" they also shook their heads at which she threw up her hands in consternation.

It appeared that the girls had only learned their mother-tongue which was something entirely unexpected, but what was to be done. All sat down to supper laughing in spite of their disappointment. It was a learned table at which, German, English, French and Italian were spoken, which now and then were understood.

Next day it was worse for when uncle had gone to work, there was no one to interpret, but even with him around there was sometimes a hopeless tangle, for to answer women's queries in two different languages was no easy task and he quite often became confused and answered his wife in German, while to his German relatives he would earnestly explain in French and would not become aware of his mistake until everyone was laughing heartily.

As before mentioned, when he was gone there would be other difficulties. The Cookie, going to her French aunt would begin, "ma chere tante" then go on in German, repeat in English and still unsuccessful call for her other aunt to interpret in Italian which sometimes threw a gleam of intelligence when Auntie French would go away laughing and return with the desired article. Before going away they were getting along much better and each had learned a little of the other's language.

On the evening of the first day a stroll was taken along the lake and a wonderful exhibition of tight-rope walking witnessed the like of which they had never seen before.

Among other difficult things done such as rope-dancing etc., was walking on a rope suspended high in the air, one end of which was fastened to the roof of one of the large hotels opposite, and the other end almost as high.

Everyone held his breath looking, when quick as a flash, the man's feet came down and a cry of horror went up from the thousands watching below but he was only sitting on the rope and had done this purposely but it had the desired effect, for on the first instant it looked as if he had made a misstep.

With indescribable surety he raised himself to go on accompanied by a storm of applause.

The weather, while at Vevey, was all that could be desired and little excursions were taken on the lake and vicinity.

Montreux and the interesting Castle of Chillon, whose dungeons and their illustrious prisoner have been immortalized by Byron, were visited, and on another day a trip up a mountain among the wildest and most romantic scenery.

There was one member of the family the Cookie was yet to see and that was her cousin Ernst. He was staying in another city but was coming to see his relatives.

On an afternoon, coming in from a walk, she saw a fair-haired young man advance toward her in the hall. She took one of his outstretched hands inquiring, "Cousin Ernst?"

He nodded and her next query was "Sprichst du Deutsch?" He shook his head, "Italiano?" another shake, then becoming alarmed, "but you sure-

ly speak English?" The answer was again in the negative, and she turned away in despair while the young man's face was full of regret.

They were sitting in a room looking at each other helplessly, when an idea struck the Cookie. Going out she returned with a book of the tour and pictures of the places she had visited and beckoned to him.

He took a seat beside her and she went on to mention the places corresponding with the pictures. He became quite interested and when his father entered, remarked with shining eyes that his cousin had had a grand trip.

In the evening a walk was arranged, of course to the lake and the Cookie saw a sunset of indescribable beauty. The heavens were tinged a lovely pink which imparted their shade to the water, while the other half, on turning around, was a beautiful blue, and the mountains opposite were of a purplish hue. She could only exclaim "how beautiful," while her cousin echoed the same in French.

Later on the moon arose and sitting in a garden by the lake she thoroughly enjoyed the evening and the walk home.

Next morning she had a row on the lake whose waters looked prettier than ever. She was trying to impress on her mind that the strange young man opposite was really her cousin and her father's

brother's child, yet their only vocabulary consisted of little more than a dozen French words she had gathered and about as many German words at his command. Still they spent an enjoyable morning and filled the pauses in conversation by splashing water at each other.

The day was now coming when the Cookie again had to take leave to join the party. Her aunt was to meet her in Paris ten days later, in the meantime staying at Vevey.

She left this delightful place in company with her cousin Ernst and Alice, who accompanied her to Lausanne, where she was to take the train for Geneva. After a walk through the town she was taken to the station and kissing her pretty French cousin Alice goodbye, followed Ernst into the train, where she was made comfortable, then taking her face in both hands he looked at her long, then kissed her saying "bon voyage, ma chere cousine" and disappeared looking rather sad.

She was not feeling very cheerful herself, leaving the only people she knew in that part of Switzerland and going to meet entire strangers.

Towards evening Geneva was reached and gathering up her belongings she alighted and followed the crowd.

When she came to where the hotel busses stood in waiting she made a careful scrutiny of them and

discovered at the end of the line her man, with the name of the hotel to which she was going, on his cap.

With a sigh of relief she gave him her baggage and climbed in and soon they were in their way to the hotel. Here she was shown to her room from which she could see Lake Geneva.

When she afterward went down to dinner it was with a little uneasiness as to how she would find the people she was to join.

A waiter directed her to where they were dining and as she advanced with rather hesitating step, she was agreeably surprised in recognizing in the conductor, the local guide who had directed their sight-seeing in London and from whom they had parted regretfully at the time.

In her joy she hastened to him and taking his hand told him how glad she was to see him. He then remembered her and introduced her to the company who gave her a cordial welcome.

By this time the Cookie's heart was as light as a feather and when after the meal she went out with some to look at the stores which were very attractive she felt as if she had been with them longer.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUR THIRTY-FOUR IN GENEVA AND PARIS.

SUNDAY morning dawned beautifully in Geneva and some of us went to the English Church which was crowded with tourists. On the way out we met the guide, who had also been there, and who pointed out a few things of interest to us, among others the very spot where Empress Elizabeth was assassinated, after stepping from the hotel opposite.

We were to have two days in Geneva but it had been decided all agreeing to leave next day so as to have one more day in Paris.

In the afternoon we had a most enjoyable carriage drive through the place visiting the Cathedral which is Protestant and in which Calvin preached. His chair was shown to us and we all took turns sitting in the stiff-backed chair of that worthy man. We also saw his grave in the cemetery.

Next we stopped at the Russian Church, an odd structure and looking very new, with some exquisite paintings. There was not even a chair or bench,

the congregation kneeling during the service. Near here is the prison cell of the assassinator of the Empress before mentioned.

It has no windows and not a ray of light penetrates to this wretch of whom it is said he has become insane. We could not repress a shudder as we viewed the gloomy wall.

Geneva is a very pretty city and has some handsome buildings facing the river and the lake. The Rhone River whose water is very blue and swift divides Geneva in two parts. We saw the meeting of the waters, where this river and another, the water of which is a muddy looking color unite, but it was interesting to note that for some distance ahead the colors would not mix but flowed side by side a river of blue and gray.

Later on we had a beautiful view of the magnificent Mt. Blanc, with its perpetual snow and ice.

In the evening we took a walk listening to the music which prevailed everywhere and wound up by stopping in the pretty garden bordering on the lake and opposite our hotel, where there was unusually good music, which was still playing after we had retired and lulled us into pleasant dreams.

Next morning there was but one thought occupying all minds, — going to Paris!

Full of expectation we looked forward to ar-

rival there, but a whole day's journey was yet before us.

At first we had reserved compartments and agreeably whiled our time away playing games and holding comb concerts to which our guide laughingly shook his head.

Later on French people began crowding in regardless of our comfort and our rights and this became even worse after we had changed at Dijon.

There was a perfect rush for the train which became overcrowded and as our guide could not secure a compartment for us we were scattered among the others.

Most of the passengers were French and our conductor had trouble in securing seats for us, as they did not seem a bit accommodating, which can be said of French travel in general.

Our guide was just returning and taking up my suit-case he hurried off telling me to follow. Every compartment was practically overcrowded. At last we came to one where there seemed a vacant seat.

Seven Frenchmen occupied the others and with these our guide began to parley in French for the remaining one. They declared it occupied and when he seemed to doubt, the seven began talking at once and gesticulating wildly at our guide who remained composed. I was standing in the midst of them, but taking up my suit-case which was de-

cidedly heavy, I dropped it, (seemingly accidental) on the toes of one of the Frenchmen who quickly pulled them toward him. Having thus cleared my way I walked out telling the guide not to exhort with them further as I would not sit with such excitable fellows.

Just then a man of our tour came along and said "leave this girl to me, I have a seat for her".

With a sigh of relief I followed him to a compartment where the people willingly made room for us and we soon forgot our troubles in interested conversation.

At last supper was served but there were such great crowds that ours was not served until nine o'clock and when all the tables were occupied the doors were locked to keep the others back.

We were quite glad when we reached Paris, but at the station there was more excitement and crowding and my companion and I were separated from the party which was nowhere to be seen. They had been pushed along to the other end of the station where they discovered we were missing.

My benefactor at last put down our baggage asking me to stand by it while he went on the hunt. He had hardly gone when the Doctor of our party came hurriedly along and when I called to him seemed relieved. "Where is Mr. K." he asked. "Looking for the rest of you", I answered. There

was nothing left to do but go for him and as I noted the direction we soon came across him, as the station was by this time well cleared.

When at last we reached the meeting-place all were there but the guide who was still looking, but he too, was soon found and we filed into the bus laughing over the incident.

It was half past eleven when we arrived at the hotel quite tired. There was so much noise and bustle in the streets as if in midday and this seemed to continue all night, some of us even being forced to change our rooms in order to get some sleep.

What shall I say about Paris? I must confess I am not enthusiastic over it and am afraid my description will fall flat. 'Tis true, Paris is beautiful in a way, the streets for instance and the squares.

Place de la Concorde marks the spot where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were beheaded.

The place which marks the Palace of the Tuileries is now a beautiful flower garden and a delightful promenade in summer.

Paris seemed at its best to me when viewed from my high seat in our tally-ho sort of conveyance which picked us up at the hotel every morning. It was decidedly enjoyable to view Paris from a safe place out of all that terrible tangle of vehicles, busses, automobiles, electric cars etc., for broad as

the streets were, they were always crowded with the aforesaid things.

There is so much to see in Paris that it bewilders one and a week is hardly enough to gain a fair insight into all that might be interesting, but the main things satisfied us.

Some few of us had allowed ourselves a visit to the Opera, which was well worth it, if only for the interior. We admired the magnificent staircase of white marble and the promenade around the top where the people spend the time between the acts walking or looking at Paris from the balconies.

Paris has a number of triumphal arches, the main one being the noble Arch of Triumph.

Of course we visited Napoleon's tomb and saw the inscription from his last will and did not fail to visit Notre Dame and the Madeleine, the most beautiful edifice in Paris.

Right behind the Notre Dame is the Morgue in which we viewed the bodies of two men resting behind a glass partition. They had been found in the Seine River which runs through Paris, but did not look gruesome as some of us had thought, for they were remarkably well preserved.

Of cemeteries we visited the Pere-la-Chaise and viewed the tomb of President Faure and of Heloise and Abelard, the monk and nun who broke their

vows for the love of each other. On the day of our visit there were flowers in nosegays and wreaths fastened on the fence surrounding the place or lying inside, and it was told us that it was the custom of people suffering from unrequited love to visit this place secretly, putting the flowers there.

In a Jewish cemetery we saw the tombs of Rachel and the Rothschilds.

On a lovely morning we took an excursion to Versailles. It was a most delightful drive especially through the woods and park of Versailles.

We went through the palace built by Louis XIV and the decorated gardens. The palace contained much of interest and gave one an idea of Louis XIV elaborate notions.

From the steps in front of the palace one has a fine view of the Grand Canal and the Basin of Apollo. It was here that Louis XIV gave his Venetian festivals, famous in history.

It is a grand sight to see the fountains play, which happens once a month and on Sunday afternoons.

Our excursion took us a whole day and we arrived at the hotel in the evening tired but happy.

The regular programme being over, the gentler sex of our party went shopping. The two main stores seem to be the Bon Marche and the Louvre

Bazaar. The latter was opposite our hotel. The celebrated Louvre Picture Gallery which we had also gone through was within a square of our abode.

The stores proved rather a disappointment to us, as did various things in Paris. We had expected to wander in a perfect wonderland of beauty, but at the end of the first evening the girls all agreed that the stores were "shoppy looking". We did see pretty things at reasonable prices but they were not displayed to any advantage. Very few of the salespeople understood us which made our shopping rather difficult. In no other place in Europe did we have such trouble in making ourselves understood as in Paris. At the hotel the manager, the elevator boy and a waiter or two seemed to be the only ones who spoke English.

As for the servants, they were practically useless and would bring the wrong thing every time, unless one went to the office and had his wants written in French to give to them.

Our week in Paris was coming to an end.

During the whole week we had the most perfect weather and Sunday morning dawned cheerful enough, but in the afternoon the sky became gloomy and overcast. Still no one thought it would amount to much and a few started out for Versailles to see the fountains play. It was not until we had arrived

out there that it began to rain and kept steadily increasing until we were obliged to seek shelter.

There were immense crowds there patiently waiting in the rain, which, however, increased to such fury that umbrellas were no protection and large numbers began to flee for the station.

We felt as if the fountains were on top of us, so heavy was the downpour. The streets looked like small rivers while the water from the awnings came down in sheets.

The people in the houses and under shelter scoffed and laughed at those given to the mercy of the element. Some indeed presented an odd sight and many a fluffy airy dress and milliner's dream had its last day on this occasion.

When at last we arrived at the hotel, we were drenched entirely and looked as if we had been pulled out of the Seine River.

The remainder of our party were quite uneasy about us and felt sincerely sorry for our misfortune but once in dry clothes we felt better.

Next day we left Paris, everyone satisfied to go. We travelled via Dieppe and New Haven to London and stayed at the same hotel in which we had spent our first week on arrival there.

We enjoyed coming back to it and received delightful rooms.

The following day we left for Oxford, visiting the University buildings, and proceeded by later train to Warwick and Stratford on Avon. There we went through Shakespeare's house and visited his tomb and memorial. Returning to Warwick, we took the train for Chester arriving that night.

Our party had by this time dwindled down somewhat, a few dropping off at Paris and London and we only needed one compartment and had it all to ourselves. We again indulged in comb concerts and games and enjoyed ourselves especially well the day we travelled towards Chester.

While playing games I ventured the question (trying to appear earnest,) "have any of you ever tried starting electricity by holding hands?" "Why no, can you?" they all exclaimed interested.

"I have done it," I replied. "Now all take hands and those sitting by the window put one hand on the glass." They all complied very unsuspectingly, all firmly believing in my electrical power.

Hardly able to look serious any longer I turned to the two sitting opposite each other with their hands on the window and asked "do you feel the pain? (pane). The result was a storm of merriment. No one had even suspected a joke and declared it a successful one.

Towards evening the train became deserted looking and as there was a side hall in our car con-

necting the different compartments, we began to spread out a little.

One compartment was transformed into a smoker, a second for resting but, alas, both proved a failure. Our conductor had hardly settled down with his cigar and book and a neat little cap on his head, when the tease of our party, a young girl who could let no one alone, but whom everybody liked, entered and immediately began asking numberless questions about what she already knew and seemed thoroughly delighted when she saw him growing impatient and irritated.

Some three of us had made ourselves comfortable in the adjoining compartment, with our heads back against the cushions and our eyes closed when one of the men crouching along the floor suddenly pounced in our door-way with a regular war-whoop and of course we all jumped.

This called for revenge and we followed him into the first compartment where a boxing match took place in which nearly everybody took part.

When we arrived at Chester that night we were quite satisfied with the wind-up of our trip, for the following day we were to board the steamer for America.

At the hotel we enjoyed an excellent supper and a good night's rest and left by morning train

for Liverpool where we embarked on the steamer for Philadelphia.

There were only five of the tour going back and when the ship began to move, we waved our handkerchiefs vigorously at our conductor and one of the gentlemen who was returning by a later steamer and was alternately throwing kisses and demonstrating his sorrow at parting by wiping his eyes and wringing out his handkerchief.

The voyage was rather a rough one. Already the second day the waves dashed over the deck and the Ocean was one seething boiling mass.

No one could be on deck, but those few who still felt good enough to enjoy most anything, had collected at the door-way in the hall to watch the Ocean which was strangely fascinating.

Suddenly and unexpected a large wave thundered over the deck and part of it in the door on the little observant crowd. There was an immediate scramble but row number one was completely drenched and there was nothing left to do but to change apparel. Then this door, the only one that had been left open, was also closed and we had to be satisfied looking through the port-holes.

Sometimes the ship rocked frightfully. Then the dishes would jump and upset, despite the fact that they were "fenced in" and people would sud-

denly come running along at a frantic pace, demure young maidens rush into strange men's arms, unable to hold themselves, and people at the top of the stairs would come to the bottom in a great hurry.

The people on deck, if their chairs were not securely tied, would start on a sliding expedition and get tangled with those pacing the deck, and the old ship, regardless of it all would keep on bobbing.

It became an acrobatic feat for those occupying an upper berth to reach their cradles at night and descend in safety in the morning, and until one was dressed! With every roll of the boat a forced trip had to be taken across the room and those weakened by sea-sickness were simply thrown in a heap.

The humorous side of all this appealed very much to those well and feeling good but there were a great many the other way who dreaded each increase of the breeze.

We also had frequent heavy fogs and the horn would sound especially dismal at night with the wind howling in the rigging and flapping the canvas, while the sleepers were thrown from side to side in their berths and the whole ship creaked.

But there came a fine day and we had a few of them, too, when dear old Philadelphia loomed into view and welcomed the home-comers with great joy, only Uncle Sam came along with a puckered

brow saying "Howdye, what have you brought from over the pond? Open up and let's have some of the percentage," but those who had not overstepped the bounds he graciously dismissed.

And now, dear reader, I have but little more to say. If I have tired you with this wandering account, I crave your pardon, if on the other hand you have derived even a little pleasure from it I feel repaid for my work and as a parting word for the land which stands out above all other lands and is the best and only place to come back to, I bid you farewell with a wave of the flag and

THREE CHEERS

FOR

AMERICA!!!

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